

EDWARD ⁴
AND
ELEONORA:
A
TRAGEDY.

By Mr. JAMES THOMSON.



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EDWARD

AND

ELFONORNA

A

TRAGIDY



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DEDICATION
in, invaluable affection and generous
Lament for a Prince, who was the
daring of a great and free people.
Their descendants, even now, will
own, with pleasure, this
address is made to your ROYAL HIGH-
ness. I am, with the profoundest re-
spect,
MADAM,
Your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE
Princess of WALES.

JAMES THOMSON

IF I take the liberty once more, to
crave the protection of your ROYAL
HIGHNESS, for another tragedy of
my writing, it is because I am led, al-
most unavoidably, to it, by my subject.
In the character of ELEONORA I have
endeavoured to represent, however faint-
ly, a PRINCESS distinguish'd for all the
virtues that render greatness amiable. I
have aimed, particularly, to do justice to
Vol. II. H her

DEDICATION.

her inviolable affection and generous tenderness for a PRINCE, who was the darling of a great and free people.

Their descendants, even now, will own, with pleasure, how properly this address is made to your ROYAL HIGHNESS. I am, with the profoundest respect,

MADAM,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's

most humble, and

most devoted Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

P R O L O G U E.

By a FRIEND.

IN former Times, when fierce religious rage,
 And priestly sway deform'd each suffering age,
 All manly wit, all useful learning lay
 In darkness lost, nor hop'd returning day.
 Religion then was stain'd by cruel deeds :
 And free-born Reason stoop'd to craft and creeds.
 But happier we !---And tho' to-night we show
 What fatal ills from blind devotion flow,
 'Tis not that we such rage renew'd can fear,
 Or dread the hand of persecution here---
 Our scene would wide humanity impart ;
 Would breathe extensive candour thro' the heart ;
 Show true religion even to error kind,
 And claim the perfect freedom of the mind.

If too the poet paints a noble strife
 'Twixt the fond husband and the generous wife ;
 If all the father in his voice complains,
 And all the mother in her tender strains ;
 If these best passions prompt the pleasing woe,
 Indulge it freely-----Nature bids it flow :
 Where parent Nature leads, you cannot stray ;
 And what she wills, 'tis virtue to obey.

PROLOGUE.

*Fond of BRITANNIA's fame, and just to YOU,
He bids old English honour live anew,
And calls your great first EDWARD up to view.
But if his Line too weak, his stroke too faint,
The graceful figure in full light, to paint;
In candid part his honest meaning take,
And spare the poet for the hero's sake.*

EPI.

EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

These poets are such fools!--The man behind,
Who wrote this play--- a simple soul, I find,---
Believes with all his heart, there was a wife,
Who needs would die---to save a husband's life!
He in the printed chronicles has read it:
And true it is---Sir Richard Baker said it.

Why what an ass these books do make a man?
Read nature---then believe it---you who can..
Look round this town---the question is not whether
Spouse dies for spouse: but who will live together?
Of old, they say, a husband was a lover:
But, thank our stars! those foolish days are over;
To such substantial prudence are we come,
We wed not heart to heart---but plumb to plumb.
What sense? what beauty? are not now the things:
But can he settle---up to what she brings?

Yet in this easy, all-forgiving age,
Bear with such moral fooleries---on the stage.
Perhaps too, there may be some gentle soul,
Who rather likes to weep---than win a vole;
Who thinks that there are charms in generous love,
And would to Edward Eleonora prove.

The PERSONS.

EDWARD, Prince of <i>England</i> .	Mr. DELANE.
Earl of GLOSTER.	Mr. ROSCO.
THEALD, Archdeacon of <i>Liege</i> .	Mr. ROBERTS.
SELIM, Sultan of <i>Jaffa</i> .	Mr. RYAN.
ELEONORA, Princess of <i>England</i> .	Mrs. HORTON.
DARAXA, an <i>Arabian</i> Princess.	Mrs. HALLAM.
<i>Assassin, Officers, &c.</i>	

SCENE, EDWARD's tent in the camp before
Jaffa, a city on the coast of Palestine.



Edward and Eleonora.

TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Prince EDWARD, *The* ALD, *Archdeacon* of
Liege, *Earl* of GLOSTER.

Edward.

I Will no longer doubt. 'Tis plain, my friends;
That with our little band of *English* troops,
By all allies all western powers' deserted,
All but the noble knights that guard this land,
The flower of *Europe* and of Christian valour,
Nought can be done, nought worthy of our cause,
Worthy of *England's* heir, and of the name
Of *Lion-hearted* RICHARD; whose renown,
After almost a century elaps'd,
Shakes thro' its wide extent this eastern world.
What else could bend the *Saracen* to peace,
Who might, with better policy, refuse

To grant it us? yes, to the prince of *Jassa*
 I will accord the peace he has demanded :
 And tho' my troops, impatient, wait the signal
 To storm yon walls, yet will I not expose,
 In vain attempts, valour that should be sav'd
 For better days, and for the public welfare.
 Rash fruitless war, from wanton glory wag'd,
 Is only splendid murder---What says *Theald*?
 Approves my reverend father of my purpose?

The. Edward, illustrious heir of *England's* crown,
 I must indeed be blinded with the zeal
 Of this our holy cause, to think your arms,
 Thus all-forsaken, thus betray'd, sufficient
 To reach the grandeur of your first design,
 And, from the yoke of infidels, to free
 The sacred city, object of our vows.
 Yet this methinks, this *Jassa* might be seiz'd :
 That still were something, an auspicious omen
 Of future conquest---But, unskilled in war,
 To you, my lord, and *Gloster's* wise experience,
 I this submit.

Edw. Speak *Gloster*, your advice,
 Before I fix my latest resolution.

Gloft. You know, my lord, I never was a friend
 To this *Crusado*. My unchang'd advice
 Is strenuous still for peace. Nor this, I urge,
 From our deserted arms, and cause betray'd,
 But from the state of our unhappy country.
 Behold her, *Edward* with a filial eye,
 And say is this a time for these adventures?
 Behold her then with deep commotion shook,
 Beneath a false delusive face of quiet:
 Behold her bleeding yet from civil war,
 Exhausted, sunk; drain'd by ten thousand arts
 Of lawless imposition, priestly fraud,
Italian leeches, and insatiate *Rome*;
 That never rag'd before with such gross insult,
 With such abandon'd avarice. Besides,
 Who knows what evil counsellors, again,
 Are gather'd round the throne! In times like these,
 Disturb'd

Disturb'd, and lowring with unsettled freedom,
 One step to lawless power, one bold attempt
 Renew'd, the least infringement of our charters,
 Would in the giddy nation raise a tempest.
 Return my prince. You have already sav'd
 Your father from his foes, from haughty *Leister* :
 Now save him from his ministers, from those
 Who hold him captive in the worst of chains---

Edw. You *Gloster*, sav'd us both.

Gloster. I did my duty ;

Even while I join'd with *Leister*, did my duty---
 I hope I did---He, who contends for freedom,
 Can ne'er be justly deem'd his sovereign's foe:
 No, 'tis the wretch that tempts him to subvert it,
 The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom
 Who best deserves that name ; he is a worm
 That eats out all the happiness of kingdoms..

Edward, return ; lose not a day, an hour,
 Before this city. Tho' your cause be holy,
 Believe me, 'tis a much more pious office,
 To save your father's old and broken years,
 His mild and easy temper, from the snares
 Of low corrupt insinuating traitors :
 A nobler office far ! on the firm base
 Of well proportion'd liberty, to build
 The common quiet, happiness and glory,
 Of king and people, *England's* rising grandeur,
 To you, my prince, this task, of right, belongs.
 Has not the royal heir a juster claim
 To share his father's inmost heart and counsels,
 Than aliens to his int'rest, those who make
 A property, a market of his honour ?

One reason more allow me to suggest
 For peace, immediate peace---should blind misfortune,
 In this far distant hostile land, oppress us ;
 A chance to which our weakness stands expos'd :
 What, *Edward*, of thy princess would become,
 Thy *Eleonora* ; she, whose tender love
 Thro' stormy seas, and in fierce camps attends thee ?
 What of thy blooming offspring ? charg'd with these,
 To give our courage scope were cruel rashness.

Edw. Enough, my lord, I stand resolv'd on peace:
 And will to *England* strait---But where, alas,
 Where shall we cover our inglorious heads;
 When gay with hope the people round us press,
 To hear by what exploits we have sustain'd
 The fame of *Richard*, and of *English* valour?
 Shall I, my generous country, I be rank'd
 With those weak princes, who consume thy wealth,
 And sink thy name in idle expeditions?
 Perfidious *France*! Be this the ruling point
 Of my whole life and passion of my soul,
 To humble thee, proud nation!--Meantime, *Gloster*,
 See that the captive princess be restor'd,
Daraxa to the Sultan of this city,
 Whose bride she is---We wage not war with women.

SCENE II. EDWARD, THEALD, GLOSTER.

An Officer belonging to the Prince.

Of. One from the prince of *Jaffa*, Sir, demands
 Your secret ear on some important message.

Edw. Conduct him to my tent--- [*Officer goes out.*]

He brings, I judge,
 The Sultan's last instructions for this peace.
 Here wait: I may your faithful counsel want.

SCENE III. THEALD, GLOSTER.

The. Whatever woes, of late, have clouded *England*;
 Yet must I, *Gloster*, call that nation happy,
 On whose horizon smiles a dawning prince
 Of *Edward*'s worth and virtues.

Gloft. True, my friend;
Edward has great, has amiable virtues,
 That virtue chiefly which befits a prince:
 He loves the people he must one day rule;
 With fondness loves them, with a noble pride;
 Esteems their good, esteems their glory his.
 One instance it becomes me to recount,

That

That shows the genuine greatness of his soul.
 Tho' I have met him in the bloody field,
 He fighting for his father, I for freedom;
 Yet bears his bosom no remaining grudge
 Of those distracted times: to me his heart
 Is greatly reconcil'd---Virtue! beyond
 The little unforgiving soul of tyrants!

Now, will I tell thee, *Theald*, whence I stoop
 To wear the gaudy chains of court-attendance,
 At these grey years; that should in calm retirement
 Pass the soft evening of a bustling life,
 And plume my parting soul for better worlds.
 Amidst his many virtues, youthful *Edward*
 Is lofty, warm, and absolute of temper:
 I therefore seek to moderate his heat,
 To guide his fiery virtues, that, misled
 By dazzling power and flattering sycophants,
 Might finish what his father's weaker measures
 Have try'd in vain. And hence I here attend him,
 In expeditions which I ne'er approv'd,
 In holy wars---your pardon, reverend father---
 I must declare I think such wars the fruit
 Of idle courage or mistaken zeal,
 Sometimes of rapine and religious rage,
 To every mischief prompt.

The. You wrong, my lord,
 You wrong them much. To set this matter only
 Upon a civil footing: say, what right
 Had robbers rushing from *Arabian* deserts,
 Fierce as the suns that kindled up their rage,
 Thus, in a barbarous torrent, to bear down
 All *Asia*, *Afric*, and profane their altars?
 And to repel brute force by force is just.
 Nay, does not even our duty, int'rest, glory,
 The common honour of the Christian name,
 Require us to repress their wild ambition,
 That labour's westward still, and threatens *Europe*?
Gloß. Yes when they burst their limits, let us check
 them:

And with a firmer hand than those loose Christians,
 The most corrupt and abject of mankind,

Slaves,

Slaves, doubly slaves, who suffer'd these *Arabians*,
 In virtue their superiors as in valour,
 Without resistance to o'er-run the world.
 By rage and zeal, 'tis true, their empire rose:
 But now some settled ages of possession
 Create a right than which, I fear, few nations
 Can shew a better. Sure I am 'tis madness,
 Inhuman madness, thus, from half the world,
 To drain its blood and treasure, to neglect
 Each art of peace, each care of government;
 And all for what? By spreading desolation,
 Rapine and slaughter o'er the other half,
 To gain a conquest we can never hold.

I venerate this land. Those sacred hills,
 Those vales, those cities, trod by saints and prophets,
 By GOD himself, the scenes of heavenly wonders,
 Inspire me with a certain awful joy.
 But the same GOD, my friend, pervades, sustains,
 Surrounds and fills this universal frame;
 And every land where spreads his vital presence,
 His all-enlivening breath, to me is holy.

Excuse me *Theald*, if I go too far:
 I meant alone to say, I think these wars
 A kind of persecution. And when that,
 That most absurd and cruel of all vices,
 Is once begun, where shall it find an end?
 Each in his turn, or has or claims a right
 To wield its dagger, to return its furies;
 And, first or last, they fall upon ourselves.

EDWARD *behind the Scenes*
 Inhuman villain! is thy message murder!

The. Ha! heard you not the prince exclaiming murder?

Gloft. Should this Barbarian messenger---
 [Moving towards the noise.]

'Tis so!

SCENE

SCENE IV.

THEALD, GLOSTER; *to them prince EDWARD wounded in the arm, and dragging in the assassin.*

Edw. Detested wretch! And does the prince of *Jassa* Send base assassins to transact his treaties?

There---take thy answer, ruffian!

(Stabs him with the dagger he had wrested from him.

Blow too hasty!

I should have sav'd thee for a fitter death.

Assas. I would have triumph'd, Christian, in thy rage.

For know, thou vile destroyer of the faithful!

That tho' my erring dagger miss'd thy heart,

Yet has it fir'd thy veins with mortal poison,

Whose very touch is death---ALLAH be prais'd!

O glorious fate! prophet receive my soul!

(Dies.

EDWARD, after a short pause.

Why gaze you with amazement on each other?

Are we not men to whom the various chances

Of life are known?

Gloster.

Ha! poison! did he say?

Then is at once my prince and country lost!

O fatal wound to *England*!

The.

Quick, my lord,

Retire and have it dress'd, without delay;

Ere the fell poison can diffuse its rage,

And deeply taint your blood.

Edw.

The princess comes!

O save me from her tenderness!

SCENE V. EDWARD, THEALD, GLOSTER;
to them the princess ELEONORA.

Ele.

My Edward!

Support me!--Oh!

Edw.

She faints---My *Eleonora*!

Look up, and bless me with thy gentle eyes!--

The colour comes, her cheeks resume their beauty;

And all her charms revive---Hence, spurn that carcass:

A sight too shocking for my *Eleonora*.

Ele.

Ele. And lives my *Edward*, lives my dearest lord,
From this assassin sav'd?---Alas! you bleed!

Edw. 'Tis nought, my lovely princess!--A slight
wound---

Ele. But, ah! methought, I entering heard of poison,
Tainting the blood---What! was the dagger poi-
son'd?---

Ha! silent all? will none relieve my fears?---

Gloft. Madam, restrain your tenderness a moment---
The prince delays too long---Let him retire.

Meanwhile the troubled camp shall be my care;
Lest the base foe should make a sudden sally,
While yet our troops are stun'd with this disaster.

Edw. I thank thee, noble *Gloster*. Nor, alone
Support my troops; go, rouse them to revenge;
Tell them their injur'd prince will try their love,
Their valour soon---And you, my friend, good *Theald*,
Attend the princess---Chear thee, *Eleonora*!
I cannot, will not, leave thee long, to vex
Thy tender soul with aggravated fears.

The. Behold *Daraxa*, the false Sultan's bride.

SCENE VI. ELEONORA, THEALD, DARAXA.

Dar. Princess of *England*, let me share thy grief.
Whence flow these tears? and what this wild alarm,
This noise of murder and assassination?

Ele. Alas! the prince is wounded by a ruffian;
And with a poison'd dagger, as I fear.
Yet none will ease me of this racking thought---
Nay, tell me, *Theald*, since to know the worst
Is oft a kind of miserable comfort;
What has befall'n the prince? For this slight wound
Could never thus o'ercast the brave with terror.

The. I dare not, princess, dally with your fate.
An impious Villain from the Sultan *Selim*,
Pretended to the prince a secret message,
About the peace in treaty. Dreading nought,
He left us here, and to his tent retir'd,
There to receive this execrable envoy.

Strait

Straight with the prince alone, the fierce assassin
 Attempted on his life; but, in his arm,
 He took, it seems, the blow, and from the villain
 Wresting the dagger, plung'd it to his heart.
 This last we saw, and heard the inhuman bigot,
 Who deem'd himself a martyr in their cause,
 Boast, as he dy'd, the prince's wound was poison'd---

Ele. Then all I fear'd is true! then am I wretched,
 Beyond even hope!

Dar. A Villain from the Sultan!--

Ele. Ah the distracting thought! And is my life!
 My love! my *Edward* on the brink of fate!
 Of fate that may this moment snatch him from me!

Dar. What! *Selim* send assassins? and beneath
 A name so sacred? *Selim*, whose renown
 Is incense breathing o'er the sweeten'd east;
 For each humane, each generous virtue fam'd;
Selim! the rock of faith! and sun of honour!

Ele. O complicated woe! The Christian cause
 Has now no more a patron, and restorer;
England no more a prince, in whom she plac'd
 Her glory, her delight, her only hope;
 These desolated troops no more a chief;
 No more a husband, a protector, I,
 A friend, a lover! and my helpless children
 No more a father.

Dar. Pardon, gentle princess,
 If in this whirlwind of revolving passions,
 That snatch my soul by turns, I have forgot
 To pay the tribute which I owe thy sorrows---
 But I myself, alas! am more unhappy!

Ele. What woes can equal mine? who lose, thus
 vilely,

The best! the bravest! loveliest of mankind!--

Dar. You only lose the man you love, but I,
 O insupportable! must learn to hate,
 To scorn what once was all my pride and transport!
 Should *Edward* die by this accursed crime,
 (Which heaven forbid) he dies admir'd, belov'd,
 In the full bloom of fame and spotless honour.
 To you the daughter of illustrious grief,

Your

Your tears remain, and sadly-sweet reflection;
 You with his image, with his virtues, still,
 Amidst the pensive gloom, may converse hold:
 While I---Ah! nothing meets my blasted sight
 But a black view of infamy and horror!
 What is the loss of life to loss of virtue!
 And yet how can this heavenly spark be lost?
 No! virtue burns with an immortal flame.
 He is bely'd---some villain has abus'd him.

The. I honour, madam, this your virtuous grief:
 But that the Sultan did employ th' assassin
 Is past all doubt---Behold the false instructions,
 By which he gain'd admittance.

(Giving her the letter the prince had dropt.)

Dar.

Ha!---'Tis so!

His hand! his seal---From my detesting heart,
 I tear him thus for ever!---Perish, *Selim*!
 Perish the feeble wretch, who more bewails him!
 That were to share his guilt!---Unhappy princess!
 Now let me turn my soul to thy assistance---
 There is a cure, 'tis true---

Ele.

A Cure, *Daraxa*!

O say, what cure?

Dar.

No; it avails not, madam;

None can be found to risque it.

Ele.

None to risque it?

Quick tell me what it is, my dear *Daraxa*.

Dar. To find some person, that, with friendly lip,
 May draw the poison forth; at least, its rage
 And mortal spirit. This will bring the wound
 Within the power of art: but certain death
 Attends the generous deed.

Ele. kneeling.]

Then hear me, heaven!

Prime source of love! Ye saints and angels, hear me!!
 I here devote me for the best of men,
 Of princes and of husbands. On this cross
 I seal the cordial vow: confirm it heaven!
 And grant me courage in the hour of trial!

The. O tenderness unequal'd!

Dar.

Glorious princess!

Ele.

Ele. Go, Theald, quickly find the earl of Gloster,
 And with him break this matter to the prince.
 As for the person, leave that task to me.
 I with *Daraxa* will your call attend ;
 O all ye powers of love, your influence lend.

End of the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

GLOSTER, THEALD.

Gloster.

NO, *Theald*, no ; he never will consent---
 I know him well ; he ne'er will purchase life,
 At such a rate : besides, in aid of love,
 His generous pride would come and deem it baseness.
The. Then is yon sun his last. The blackning wound
 Begins already to confess the poison---
 Meantime, my lord, both friendship and our duty
 Demand, at least, the trial. Well I know,
 That, poise his life with hers, he would as nothing
 Esteem his own : but sure the life of thousands,
 The mingled cause at once of heaven and earth,
 Should o'er the best the dearest life prevail.

Gloster. Alas ! my friend, you *reason*, *Edward* *loves*.
 How weak the head contending with the heart !
 Yet be the trial made---Behold he comes.

SCENE II. EDWARD, GLOSTER, THEALD.

EDWARD, entering.

O thou bright sun ! now hast'ning to those climes,
 That parent-isle, which I no more shall see ;
 And for whose welfare oft my youthful heart
 Has vainly form'd so many a fond design ;
 O thither bear, resplendent orb of day,
 To that dear spot of earth my last farewell !

And

And oh ! eternal providence, whose course,
Amidst the various maze of life, is fix'd
By boundless wisdom and by boundless love,
I follow thee, with resignation, hope,
With confidence and joy ; for thou art good,
And of thy rising goodness is no end !

Well met my dearest friends ! --- It was too true
The villain's threatening, and I nearly touch
That awful hour which every man must prove,
Yet every man still shifts at distance from him.
Come then, and let us fill the space between
These last important moments, whence we take
Our latest tincture for eternity,
With solemn converse and exalting friendship---
Nay---*Theald*---*Gloster*---wound me not with tears,
With tears that fall o'er venerable cheeks !
What could the princess more ? --- Ah ! there, indeed,
At every thought of her, I feel a weight,
A dreadful weight of tenderness, that shakes
My firmest resolution---Where is she ?

The. She burns with fond impatience to attend you.

Edw. And how, brave *Gloster*, did you leave the camp ?

Gloster. The camp, Sir, is secure : each soldier there
From indignation draws new force and spirit.

O 'tis a glorious, and affecting sight !

Those furrow'd cheeks that never knew before

The dew, of tears now in a copious shower

Are bath'd. Around your tent they, anxious, crowd,

Rank over rank : some pressing for a look ;

Some sadly musing, with dejected eye ;

Some, on their knees, preferring vows to heaven ;

And, with extended arm, some breathing vengeance.

" Base *Saracens*, they cry, perfidious cowards !

" But blood shall wash out blood---Ah ! poor atone-

" Did the whole bleeding city fall a victim !" [ments;

Edw. Alas, that to repay their faithful love

I cannot live ! --- Yet moderate their zeal :

And let the sword of justice only strike

The faithless *Selim*, and his guilty council.

My new-departed spirit, just escap'd

From

From the low sev'rish passions of this life,
Would grieve to see the blood of innocence
With that of guilt confounded, stain my tomb.

The. Permit me, sir, the hope, that you yourself---
I speak it on just cause---may live to punish
This breach of all the sacred rights of men.

Edw. Why will you turn my thoughts, from earth
To soft enfeebling views of life again? [enlarg'd

The. Not to a vain desire of life, my lord,
I would recal them; but inspire each hope,
Advise each possibility to save it.
And there is yet a remedy.

Edw. Delusion!

The. The fair *Arabian* princess mention'd one.

Edw. She one!--*Daraxa*!--something to compleat
Her lover's crime.

The. You could not wrong her thus,
Had you beheld the tempest of her soul,
Her grief, her rage, confusion, when she heard
Of *Selim's* baseness; had you seen that honour,
That glorious fire which darted from her eyes;
Till in a flood of virtuous sorrow sunk
She almost equal'd *Eleonora's* tears.

Edw. What was it she propos'd?

The. It was my lord,
To find some person, who, with friendly lips,
Might draw the deadly spirit---

Edw. I have heard
Of such a cure; but is it not, good *Theald*,
An action fatal to the kind performer?

The. Yes, surely fatal.

Edw. Name it then no more.
I should despise the paltry life it purchas'd.
Besides, what mortal can dispose so rashly
Of his own life? Talk not of low condition,
And of my public rank: when life or death
Becomes the question, all distinctions vanish;
Then the first monarch and the lowest slave
On the same level stand, in this the sons
Of equal nature all.

The.

The.

Allow me, sir.

If 'tis a certain, an establish'd duty,
 Than duty more, the height of human virtue,
 To sacrifice a transitory life
 For that kind source from whence it is deriv'd,
 And all its guarded joys, our dearest country;
 It may be justly sacrific'd for those
 On whom depends the welfare of the public.
 And there is one, my lord, who stands devoted,
 By solemn and irrevocable vows,
 To die for you.

Edw.

To die for me!---Kind nature!

Thanks to thy forming hand, I can myself,
 Cheerful, sustain to pay this debt I owe thee,
 Without the borrow'd sufferings of another.
 No, *Theald*, urge this argument no more.
 I love not life to that degree, to purchase
 By the sure death of some brave guiltless friend,
 A few uncertain days, that often rise,
 Like this, serene and gay, when, with swift wing,
 A moment wraps them in disastrous fate.

Gloft. Did we consult to save your single life,

Was that the present question, thy refusal
 Were just, were generous. But, my lord, this person
 Who stands for you devoted, should, in that,
 Be deem'd devoted for the christian cause,
 The common cause of *Europe* and thy country;
 Dies for the brave companions of thy fortune,
 Who weeping now around thy tent conjure thee
 To live for them, and *England's* promis'd glory.
 O save our country, *Edward*! save a nation,
 The chosen land, the last retreat of freedom,
 Amidst a world enslav'd!---Cast back thy view,
 And trace from farthest times her old renown.
 Think of the blood that, to maintain her rights,
 And guard her sheltering laws, has flow'd in battle,
 Or on the patriot's scaffold. Think what cares
 What vigilance, what toils, what bright contention,
 In councils, camps, and well-disputed senates,
 It cost our generous ancestors, to raise
 A matchless plan of freedom: whence we shine,

Ev'm

Ev'n in the jealous eye of hostile nations,
The happiest of mankind.---Then see all this,
This virtue, wisdom, toil and blood of ages,
Behold it ready to be lost for ever.

In this important, this decisive hour,
On thee, and thee alone, our weeping country
Turns her distressful eye; to thee she calls,
And with a helpless parent's piercing voice.
Wilt thou not live for her? for her subdue
A graceful pride, I own, but still a pride,
That more becomes thy courage and thy youth
Than birth and public station? Nay, for her,
Say, wouldst thou not resign the dearest passions?

Edw. O there is nothing, which for thee, my country,
I, in my proper person, could not suffer!
But thus to sculk behind another's life,
'Tis what I have not courage to support,
It makes a kind of coward of me, *Gloster*.
But let me see this friend, whose generous virtue
Exceeds what even my favourable thoughts
Had imagin'd in the selfish race of man.
The purpose claims the merit of the deed;
And ere I die I must requite his friendship.
Conduct him hither, *Theald*.

SCENE III. EDWARD, GLOSTER.

Edw. Ah, my *Gloster*
You have not touch'd on something that here pleads
For longer life, beyond the force of reason,
Perhaps too powerful pleads---my *Eleonora*!
To thee, my friend, I will not be ashamed
Even to avow my love in all its fondness.
For oh there shines in this my dearer self!
This partner of my soul! such a mild light
Of careless charms, of unaffected beauty,
Such more than beauty, such endearing goodness,
That when I meet her eye, where cordial faith,
And every gentle virtue mix their lustre,
I feel a transport that partakes of anguish!

How

How shall I then behold her, on the point
To leave her, *Gloster*, in a distant land?
For ever in a stormy world to leave her?
There is no misery to be fear'd like that
Which from our greatest happiness proceeds!

SCENE IV. EDWARD, GLOSTER, THEALD
*presenting the princess ELEONORA as the person he went
to bring, DARAXA.*

Edw. O heaven!---what do I see?---I am betray'd!---
[Turning away.]

Ele. Edward!

Edw. O 'tis too much! O spare me, nature!

Ele. Not, look upon me *Edward*?

Edw. *Eleonora!*

How on this dreadful errand canst thou come?

Ele. Behold me kneel!

Edw. Why kneel you, best of women!

You ne'er offended, ne'er in thought offended!

Thou art all truth, and love, and angel-goodness!

Why do you kneel? O rise, my *Eleonora*!

Ele. Let me fulfil my vow.

Edw. O never! never--

Ele. Let me preserve a life, in which is wrapt
The life of thousands, dearer than my own!

Live thou, and let me die for thee, my *Edward*!

Edw. For me!---thy words are daggers to my soul.

And wouldst thou have me then thus meanly save

A despicable life? a life expos'd

To that worst torment, to my own contempt!

A life still haunted by the cruel image

Of thy last pangs, thy agonizing throws,

The dire convulsions of these tender limbs;

And all for one---O infamy!---for one,

By love, by duty bound, each manly tie,

Even by a peasant's honour to protect thee?

Yet this, tho' strong, invincible, is nought

To what my wounded tenderness could urge

Against thy dire request---But should fate demand

The

The life we love, then, then, we must exert
 The greatest act of human resignation,
 We must submit. But wouldst thou have me, say,
 Doom thee myself? with voluntary choice,
 Nay by a barbarous crime, untimely snatch
 This worst of ills? Would *Eleonora* make me
 Of all mankind the most compleatly wretched?

Ele. Plead not the voice of honour. Well I know,
 There is no danger, pain, no form of death,
 Thou wouldst not meet with transport to protect me.
 But I, alas! an unimportant woman,
 Whose only boast and merit is to love thee;
 Ah, what am I, with nameless numbers weigh'd?
 With myriads yet unborn? All ranks, all ages,
 All arts, all virtues, all a state comprizes?
 These have a higher claim to thy protection.
 Livethen for them.---O make a generous effort!
 What none but heroes can, bid the soft passions
 The private stoop to those that grasp the public.
 Live to possess the pleasure of a God,
 To bless a people trusted to thy care.
 Live to fulfil thy long career of glory,
 But just begun. To die for thee be mine.
 I ne'er can find a brighter, happier fate;
 And fate will come at last, inglorious fate!
 O grudge me not a portion of thy fame!
 As join'd in love, O raise me to thy glory!

Edw. In vain is all thy eloquence. The more
 Thou wouldst persuade, I with increasing horror,
 Fly from thy purpose.

Ele. Dost thou love me, *Edward*?

Edw. Oh!--If I love thee?---Witness heaven and
 earth!

Angels of death that hover round me, witness!
 Witness these blinded eyes, these trembling arms,
 This heart that beats unutterable fondness,
 To what an agony I love thee---

Ele. Then

Thou sure wilt save me from the worst of pains.

Edw. O that I could from all engross thy sufferings!
 Pain felt for thee were pleasure!

Ele.

*Ele.*Hear me, *Edward*.

I speak the strictest truth, no flight of passion,
 I speak my naked heart.---To die, I own,
 Is a dread passage, terrible to nature,
 Chiefly to those who have, like me, been happy.---
 But to survive thee---O 'tis greatly worse!
 'Tis a continual death! I cannot bear
 The very thought---O leave me not behind thee!

Edw. Since nought can alter my determin'd breast,
 Why dost thou pierce me with this killing image?

Ele. Ah! selfish that thou art! with thee the toil,
 The tedious toil of life will soon be o'er;
 Thou soon wilt hide thee in the quiet grave;
 While I, a lonely widow, with my orphans,
 Am left defenceless to a troubled world,
 A false, ungrateful, and injurious world!---
 Oh! if thou lov'st me *Edward*, I conjure thee,
 By that celestial flame which blends our souls!
 By all a father, all a mother feels!
 By every holy tenderness, I charge thee!
 Live to protect the pledges of our love,
 Our Children!---

Edw.

Oh!---

Ele.

Our young, our helpless---

Edw.

Oh!

Distraction!---Let me go!

Ele.

Nay, drag me with thee---

To the kind tomb---Thou canst not leave our children!
 Expos'd, by being thine, beyond the lowest!
 Surrounded with the perils of a throne!---

Edw. Cruel! no more imbitter thus our last,
 Our parting moments! Set no more the terrors
 Of these best passions in array against me!
 For by that power, I swear, father of life!
 Whose universal love embraces all
 That breathes this ample air; whose perfect wisdom
 Brings light from darkness, and from evil good;
 To whom I recommend thee, and my children:
 By him I swear! I never will submit
 To what thy horrid tenderness proposes!

Gloß.

Gloft. My lord---

Edw. Oh!---these emotions are too much---

I feel a heavy languor steal up me :

The working poison clogs the springs of life.

Conduct me to my couch---Ah! *Eleonora*!

If we ne'er meet again---This one embrace---

Yet sink not to despair---Heaven may preserve me

By means superior to all human hope.

Ele. I will not, cannot quit thee!---

SCENE V.

ELEONORA, DARAXA.

Dar. Princess, stay.

Think not the hand of death is yet upon him,

Resistless sleep will first oppress his senses,

Before the last convulsive pangs come on;

For so the numming poison oft begins

To spread its dark malignity.---

Ele. Ha!---Sleep?

Then is the time---Thanks to inspiring heaven!

But come, and ere the venom sink too deep,

Swift let me seize the favouring hour of sleep.

End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

GLOSTER.

O Miracle of love! O wond'rous princess!
 'Tis such as thou, who keep the gentle flame,
 That animates society, alive,
 Who make the dwellings of mankind delightful,
 What is vain life? An idle flight of days,
 A still-delusive round of sickly joys,
 A scene of little cares and trifling passions,

VOL. II.

I

if

If not enobled by such deeds of virtue.
 And yet this matchless virtue! what avails it?
 Th' afflicting angel has forsook the prince,
 And now pours out his terrors on the princess.
 Forsook him, said I?---No; he must awake
 To keener evils than the body knows,
 Which minds alone, and generous minds can feel.
 O virtue! virtue! as thy joys excel,
 So are thy woes transcendent, the gross world
 Knows not the bliss or misery of either---
 The prince forsakes his couch---He seems renew'd
 In health---Ah, short deceitful gleam of ease!

SCENE II.

EDWARD, GLOSTER.

Edward advancing from his couch.

Hail to the fresher earth and brighter day!
 I feel me lighten'd of the mortal load
 That lay upon my spirits. This kind sleep
 Has shed a balmy quiet thro' my veins.
 Whence this amazing change?-----

But be my first chief care, author of good!
 To bend my soul in gratitude to thee!
 Thou, when blind mortals wander thro' the deeps
 Of comfortless despair, with timely hand,
 Invisible, and by unthought-of ways,
 Thou lead'st them forth into thy light again.

Gloft. How fares my lord, the prince?

Edw. To health restor'd.
 Only a kind of lassitude remains,
 A not unpleasing weakness hangs upon me:
 Like the soft trembling of the settled deep,
 After a storm.

Gloft. Father of health be prais'd!

Edw. The moment that I sunk upon my couch,
 A sick and troubled slumber fell upon me;
 Chaos of gloomy unconnected thought!
 That, in black eddy whirl'd, made sleep more dreadful

Than

Than the worst waking pang. While thus I tofs'd,
 Ready to bid farewell to suffering clay,
 Methought an angel came and touch'd my wound.
 At this the parting gloom clear'd up apace ;
 My slumbers soften'd ; and, with health, return'd
 Serenity of mind, and order'd thought,
 And fair ideas gladdening all the soul.
 Aerial music too, by fancy heard,
 Sooth'd my late pangs and harmoniz'd my breast.
 Thro' shades of bliss I walk'd, where heavenly forms
 Sung to their lutes my *Eleonora's* love---
 But where is she, the glory of her sex !
 O dearer, justly dearer, far than ever !
 Quick, let me find her, pour into her bosom
 My full full soul, with tenderness o'ercharg'd,
 With glad surprise, with gratitude and wonder.---
 Ha ! why this silence ? this dejected look ?
 You cast a drooping eye upon the ground.
 Where is the princess ?

Gloft. She, my lord, reposes.

Edw. Reposes !---No !---It is not likely, *Gloster*,
 That she would yield her weeping eyes to sleep,
 While I lay there in agonies---away !
 I am too feeble then to know the truth.
 Say, is she well ?

Gloft. Now show thy courage, *Edward*---

Edw. O all my fears ! I shall start out to madness !
 What !---while I slept ?

Gloft. Yes----

Edw. Misery ! distraction !

My peace, my honour is betray'd for ever !

O love ! O shame ! O murder'd *Eleonora* !

SCENE III.

GLOSTER.

Unhappy prince ! go find thy *Eleonora*,
 And in heart-easing grief exhale thy passion :
 All other comfort, now, were to talk down
 The winds and raging seas.---But yonder comes

Th' *Arabian* princess. From her tears I learn
The moving scene within.

SCENE IV.

GLOSTER, DARAXA, a messenger from SELIM, attending at some distance.

Dar. O! 'tis too much!
I can no more support it.

Gloft. Generous mourner,
How is it with the princess *Eleonora*?

Dar. Struck by the poison on her couch she lies,
A rose soft-drooping in *Sabeau* vales,
Beneath the fiery dog-star's noxious rage.
O Christian chief, I never shall forget
The scene these melting eyes have just beheld,
With mingled tears of tenderness and wonder.

Gloft. How was it, Madam?

Dar. When this pride of women,
This best of wives, which in his radiant course
The sun beholds, when first she, sickening, felt
Th' imperious summons of approaching fate,
All rob'd in spotless white she sought her altars;
And, prostrate there, for her departing soul,
The prince her husband, and her orphan-children,
Implor'd th' Eternal Mind.---As yet she held
Her swelling tears, and in her bosom kept
Her sighs repress'd: nor did the near approach
Of the pale king of terrors dim her beauty;
No, rather adding to her charms, it breath'd
A certain mournful sweetness thro' her features.
But as th' increasing bane more desperate grew,
Wild to her bed she rush'd and then, indeed,
The lovely fountains of her eyes were open'd,
Then flow'd her tears.---" Connubial bed, she cry'd,
" Chaste witness of my tenderness for him,
" To save whose life I unrepining die
" In bloom of youth, farewell!--Thou shalt, perhaps,
" Receive a fairer, a more happy bride;
" But never a more faithful, never one

" Who

"Who loves her husband with a fonder passion."
 Here flow'd her tears afresh; with burning lip
 She press'd the humid couch, and wept again.
 At last, while weary sorrow paus'd, she rose,
 And fearing lest immediate death might seize her,
 Demanded to be led to see the prince;
 But fear of chasing from his eyes, too soon,
 The salutary sleep that heal'd his pangs,
 Refrain'd her trembling footsteps. On her couch,
 Abandon'd to despair, she sunk anew,
 And for her children call'd. Her children came.
 A while supported on her arm, she ey'd them,
 With tears pursuing tears a-down her cheek,
 With all the speechless misery of woe----
 I see her still---O God!--the powerful image
 Dissolves me into tears!

Gloft. Madam, proceed.
 Such tears are virtue, and excel the joys
 Of wanton pride.

Dar. Then starting up she went
 To snatch them to a mother's last embrace;
 When strait reflecting that the piercing poison
 Might taint their tender years, she sudden shrunk
 With horror back---"O wretched *Eleonora*!
 " (She weeping cry'd) and must I then not taste
 " The poor remaining comfort of the dying,
 " To see a husband, clasp my dearest children,
 " And mix my parting soul with theirs I love?"
 Her sad attendants, that till then had mourn'd
 In silent sorrow, all, at This, gave way
 To loud laments---She rais'd her languid eye,
 And casting on them round a gracious smile,
 To each by name she call'd, even to the lowest,
 To each extended mild her friendly hand,
 Gave, and, by turns, receiv'd a last farewell.
 Such is the dreadful scene from which I come.

Gloft. How heighten'd now with *Edward's* mingled
 woes!

Why are my lingering years reserv'd for this?

Dar. Come nearer, you, the messenger of *Selim*,
 And bear him back this answer---His chief aim,

He says, in stooping to solicit peace,
 Was from the chains of infidels to save me.
 What! was it then to rescue me he sent,
 Beneath an all-rever'd and sacred name,
 Beneath the shelter of his hand and seal,
 A murdering wretch, a sacrilegious bigot,
 To stab at once the gallant prince of *England*,
 And public faith? nay, with a poison'd dagger
 (Such is inhuman cowardice) to stab him?
 So well, 'tis true, he judg'd; the christian prince
 Had now been mingled with the harmless dead;
 If his bright princess, glorious *Eleonora*,
 Had not redeem'd his dearer life with hers.
 You heard in what extremity she lies.
 Go, tell the tyrant then---O heaven and earth!
 O vanity of virtue! that *Daraxa*
 Should e'er to *Selim* send so fell a message---
 I will suppress its bitterness---Yet tell him,
 This crime has plac'd eternal bars betwixt us;
 See my last tear to love---*Arabian* wilds
 Shall bury 'midst their rocks the lost *Daraxa*.
 Away!

Gloſt. Behold they bear this way the princess,
 Once more to taste the sweetness of the sun,
 Ere yet to mortal light she bid farewell.

S C E N E V.

GLÖSTER, DARAXA, THEALD, EDWARD, ELEONORA borne in by her attendants on a couch.

Ele. entring. A little on, a little further on,
 Bear me, my friends into the cooling air,
 O chearful sun! O vital light of day!

Edw. That sun is witness of our matchless woes,
 Is witness of our innocence---Alas!
 What have we done to merit this disaster?

Ele. O earth! O genial roofs! O the dear coast
 Of *Albion's* isle! which I no more shall see!---

Edw. Nay, yield not to thy weakness, *Eleonora*!
 Sustain thyself a little, nor desert me!
 Th' all-ruling Goodness may relieve us still.

Ele.

Ele. Edward! I tremble! terror seizes on me!
Thro' the rent veil of yon surrounding sky,
I had a glimpse, I saw th' eternal world.
They call, they urge me hence---Yes, I obey.
But O forgive me, heaven! if 'tis with pain,
With agonies, I tear my soul from his!

Edw. Heavens! what I suffer!--How thy plaintive
Shoots anguish thro' my soul! [voice

Ele. Some power unseen---
Thy hand, my *Edward*---some dark power unseen
Is dragging me away---O yet little,
A little, spare me!--Ah! how shall I leave
My weeping friends, my husband and my children?

Edw. Unhappy friends! O greatly wretched husband!

And O poor careless orphans, who not feel
The depth of your misfortune!

Ele. Lay me down;
Soft lay me down---my powers are all dissolv'd---
A little forward bend me---Oh!

Edw. O heav'n!
How that soft frame is torn with cruel pangs!
Pangs robb'd from me!

Ele. 'Tis thence they borrow ease---
My children! O my children! you no more
Have now a mother, now alas! no more
Have you a mother, O my hapless children!

Edw. What do I hear! What desolating words
Are these? more bitter than a thousand deaths!
Death to my soul! Call up thy failing spirit,
And leave me not to misery and ruin!

Ele. Edward, I feel an interval of ease;
And, ere I die, have something to impart
That will relieve my sufferings.

Edw. Speak, my soul!
Speak thy desire: I live but to fulfil it.

Ele. Thou seest in what a hopeless state I lie,
I who this morning rose in pride of youth,
High-blooming, promis'd many happy years.
I die for thee, I self-devoted die.
Think not, from this, that I repent my vow:

Or that, with little vanity, I boast it:
 No; what I did from unrepenting love
 I chearful did, from love that knows no fear,
 No pain, no weak remission of its ardor.
 And what, alas! what was it but the dictate
 Of honour and of duty? nay, 'twas selfish,
 To save me from unsufferable pain,
 From dragging here a wretched life without thee.
 Two fears yet stand betwixt my soul and peace.
 One is for thee, lest thou disturb my grave
 With tears of wild despair. Grieve not like those
 Who have no hope. We yet shall meet again;
 We still are in a kind Creator's hand;
 Eternal goodness reigns. Besides, this parting,
 This parting, *Edward*, must have come at last,
 When years of friendship had, perhaps, exalted
 Our love, if that can be, to keener anguish.
 Think what thy station, what thy fame demanded;
 Nor yield thy virtue even to worthy passions.
 My other care---my other care is idle---
 From that thy equal tenderness with mine,
 Thy love and generosity secure me.
 Our children——

Edw. Yes, I penetrate thy fear.

But hear me, dying sweetness! On this hand,
 This cold pale hand I vow, our children never,
 Shall never call another by the name
 Sacred to thee; my *Eleonora's* children
 Shall never feel the hateful power thou fear'st.
 As one in life, so death cannot divide us.
 Nor high descent, nor beauty, nought that woman,
 In her unbounded vanity of heart,
 Can wish, shall ever tempt my faith from thee.
 Shall ever, said I? Piteous boast indeed!
 O nothing can!—I should be gross of heart,
 Tasteless and dull as earth, to think with patience,
 Without abhorrence, of a second *Hymen*.
 Where can I find such beauty? where such grace,
 The soul of beauty? where such winning charms?
 Where such a soft divinity of goodness?
 Such faith? such love? such tenderness unequal'd?

Such

Such all that heaven could give—to make me wretched !
Talk not of comfort—Into what a gulf
A lone abyss of misery I fall,
The moment that I lose thee—Oh ! I know not !
I dare not think !—But these unhappy orphans—
Ah the dire cause that makes it double duty—
Shall now be doubly mine ; to shelter them,
These pledges of our love, I will attempt
To brave the horrors of loath'd life without thee.

Ele. Enough ! It is enough ! On this condition
Receive them from my hands.

Edw. Dear hands ! dear gift !
Dear, precious, dying, miserable gift !
With transport once receiv'd, but now with anguish !

Ele. All-soft ning time will heal my woes. The dead
Soon leave the passions of the living free.

Edw. Detested life !—O take me, take me with thee !

Ele. No, *Edward*, live : or else I die in vain.

Edw. Raise, raise, my *Eleonora*, thy sweet eyes,
Once more behold thy children—

Ele. Oh !—'Tis darkness—
A deadly weight—

Edw. Thou leav'st me then for ever !

Ele. Where am I ?—Ah !—a tenant still to pain.
The quivering flame of life heaps up a little.
Meantime, my *Edward*, 'tis my last request,
That thou wouldst leave me, while I yet enjoy
A parting gleam of thought—Leave me to Heaven !—
Gloster—farewel—Be careful of the prince—
Attend him hence—and double now thy friendship !

Edw. Barbarian !—off—Ah ! whither would'st thou
drag me !

Gloster. My lord, in pity to the prince—

Edw. Oh !

Ele. Farewel ! farewel !—Receive my last adieu,
Edward ! my dearest lord ! farewel for ever !

Edw. O word of horror !—Can I ? No ! I cannot !
There, take me, lead me, hurl me to perdition !

SCENE VI.

ELEONORA, DARAXA, THEALD, *Attendants.**Ele.* 'Tis past, the bitterness of death is past——Alas! *Daraxa*, I can ne'er requite

Thy generous cares for me. Thou art the cause

My *Edward* lives, my children have a father,Thy heav'n-inspir'd proposal—Tell him, *Theald*,

That, in the troubled moments of our parting,

I had forgot to beg he would restore

Th' *Arabian* princess to her friends and country—

Thy hand—This sure, howe'er in faith we differ,

Humanity, the soul of all religion,

May well permit.

Dar. By virtue's sacred fire!

Our Paradise, the garden of the blest,

Ne'er smil'd upon a purer soul than thine.

For me, think not of me; such are my woes,

That I disdain all care, detest relief:

My name is trod in dust; thine beams for ever,

The richest gem that crowns the worth of woman.

Ele. The guilt of *Selim* cannot stain thy virtues:

It rather lends them lustre—Bear me back,

My dear attendants: and good *Theald* come,

Come, aid my mounting soul to spring away,

From the lov'd fetters of this kindred clay.

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

THEALD, and a gentleman belonging to him.

The. **T**O me a dervise? Thro' the furious camp,
 Yet raging at the perfidy of *Selim*,
 How did he safely pass?

Gent.

Gent. Sir, he had fallen
A victim to their vengeance : but he told them,
His life was of importance to the prince,
That he who struck him stabb'd the heart of *Edward*.
This stay'd their rage ; then, after a strict search,
They let him pass thro' ranks of glaring eyes.

I have besides to say, an *English* ship
And one from *Italy* are just arriv'd :
The first brings great dispatches to prince *Edward* ;
The other, *holy father*, these to you. [*Kneeling.*

The. Go, bid this dervise enter.

SCENE II.

THEALD : *he opens and looks on the dispatches.*

Awful Heaven !

Great ruler of the various heart of man !
Since thou hast rais'd me to conduct thy church,
Without the base cabal too often practis'd,
Beyond my wish, my thought, give me the lights,
The virtues which that sacred trust requires :
A loving, lov'd untirring power,
Such as becomes a father ; humble wisdom ;
Plain, primitive sincerity ; kind zeal,
For truth and virtue rather than opinions ;
And, above all, the charitable soul
Of healing peace and Christian moderation. —
The *dervise* comes.

SCENE III.

THEALD, *SELIM* *disguis'd as a dervise.*

The. With me, what would'st thou, dervise ?

Sel. The princess *Eleonora* lives she still ?

The. She lives, and that is all.

Sel. Allah be prais'd !

Then lives the honour of the brightning name
Of *Saracen* and *Mussulman*.

The.

The. How, dervise?

What can wipe out the horror of this deed?

Sel. The deed was execrable; but my hand
This instant shall prevent its dire effect.

I bring a certain remedy for poison;
Nor can it come too late, while wandering life
Yet, with faint impulse, stirs along the veins.

The. Ha! dervise, art thou sure of what thou say'st?

Sel. Christian I am; and therefore am I here.

Haste, lead me to the princess; tho' she lay
Even in the last extremity, tho' call'd
By the fierce angel who compels the dead,
Yet bold experience gives me room to hope.

Oft have I seen its vital touch diffuse
New vigour thro' the poison'd streams of life,
When almost settled into dead stagnation;
Swift as a southern gale unbinds the flood.
Say, wilt thou trust me with the trial, Christian?

The. Thou know'st, we have great reason for distrust;
But fear in those who can no longer hope,
Were idle and absurd.

Sel. Bright heaven! what fear
Is there a slave of such inhuman baseness
To add fresh outrage to a dying princess?
For virtue dying? look into my eye:
Does one weak ray there shun the keenest gaze?
Say, dost thou there behold so foul a bottom?

The. No; seeming truth and generous candour shine
In what thou say'st. Come, follow me, good dervise.

SCENE IV.

THEALD, SELIM *disguised*, DARAXA.

Dar. At last thro' various pangs the dying princess
Sees the delivering moment, and demands
Thy presence, reverend Christian.

The. Dervise, come.

Forbid it heaven this aid should be too late!

SCENE

SCENE V.

DARAXA.

Heaven ! can it be ! the very face of *Selim* !
 'Tis he himself---I know him, 'tis the sultan ;
 And, as he shot athwart me, from his eye
 Flash'd the proud lightning of affronted virtue.
 He must be innocent ; his being here
 Is radiant proof he must---O weak *Daraxa* !
 What man of virtue more would deign to lodge
 His image in thy breast ? Ah ! what avails
 The light unfounded love, the treacherous friendship,
 That with inhuman cowardice, gives up
 A worthy man, to infamy and slander ?
 They talk'd of aid---what aid ?

[*A cry heard within.*

Alas ! 'tis past !

Death must be in that cry. O let me fly
 To snatch one parting look ; but see the prince
 Rous'd by the sounds of sorrow this way comes.
 Unhappy prince ! I venerate his tears---
 O gracious Allah ! pity and support him.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

EDWARD.

That cry was death : Alas ! she is no more !
 The matchless *Eleonora* is no more !
 Where am I ?--Heavens !--Ah ! what a hideous desert
 Is now this world, this blasted world around me !
 O sun, I hate thee, I abhor thy light,
 That shews not *Eleonora* ! Earth, thy joy,
 Thy sweetness all is fled, all all that made
 Thy ways to me delightful, *Eleonora* !
 O *Eleonora* ! perish'd *Eleonora* !
 For ever lost !--That tent !--ah me ! that tent !

[*Going into the tent starts back.*

I dare not enter there. There death displays
 His utmost terrors--Pale and lifeless, there,
 She lies, whose looks were love, whose beauty smil'd
 The sweet effulgence of endearing virtue--

And

And here I last beheld her—Ay, and how,
 And how beheld her?—The remorseless image
 Will hunt me to the grave—I see her suffering,
 With female softness yet to pain superior;
 Fearful and bold at once, with the strong hand
 Of mighty love constraining feeble nature,
 To steal me from affliction—Let me fly
 This fatal ground—But whither shall I fly?
 To *England*—O I cannot bear the thought
 Of e'er returning to that country more!
 That country, witness of our happy days,
 Where at each step remember'd bliss will sting
 My soul to anguish. I already hear
 Malice exclaim, nay, blushing valour sigh:
 Where is thy princess? where the wish of thousands?
 The charm, the transport of the public eye?
 Base prince! And art thou not ashamed to bring
 No trophy home but *Eleonora's* corse?—
 The grave too is shut up, that last retreat
 Of wretched mortals—Yes, my word is pass'd,
 To *Eleonora* pass'd. Our orphan-children
 Bind me to life—O dear, O dangerous passions!
 The valiant in himself what can he suffer?
 Or what does he regard his single woes?
 But when alas he multiplies himself
 To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,
 To those whose bliss, whose beings hang upon him,
 To helpless children! then, O then! he feels
 The point of misery festring in his heart,
 And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward.
 Such such am I! undone!—

SCENE VII.

EDWARD, GLOSTER.

Edw. My lord of *Gloster*,
 I thought my orders were to be alone.

Gloft. Forgive my fond intrusion—But I cannot
 Be so regardless of thy welfare, *Edward*,
 As to obey these orders.

Edw.

Edw. But they shall,
Shall be obey'd—I will enjoy my sorrows,
All that is left me now.

Gloft. The more thy grief,
Just in its cause but frantic in degree,
Seeks aggravating solitude, the more
It suits my love and duty to attend thee,
To try to sooth—

Edw. Away! thou never shalt.
Not all that idle wisdom can suggest,
All the vain talk of proud unfeeling reason,
Shall rob me of one tear.

Gloft. Of nature's tears
I would not rob thee: they invigorate virtue,
Softens, at once, and fortify the heart;
But when they rise to speak this desperate language,
They then grow tears of weakness; yes—

Edw. I care not!
Weakness, whate'er they be, I will indulge them,
Will, in despite of thee and all mankind,
Devote my joyless days for ever to them.

Gloft. Reason and virtue then are empty names?

Edw. Hence! leave me to my fate—You have un-
done me;
You have made shipwreck of my peace among you,
My happiness and honour; and I now
Roam the detested world, a careless wretch!

Gloft. Thy honour yet is safe, how long I know not,
For full it drives upon the rocks of passion.
O all ye pitying powers that rule mankind!
Who so unworthy but may proudly deck him
With this fair-weather virtue, that exults,
Glad o'er the summer main? The tempest comes,
The rough winds rage aloud; when from the helm
This virtue shrinks, and in a corner lies
Lamenting.—Heavens! if privileg'd from trial,
How cheap a thing were virtue!

Edw. Do insult me—
Rail, spare me not—rail, *Gloster*, all the world—
But know, mean time, thou canst not make me feel thee—
I have no more connexion with mankind.

Gloft.

Gloſt. Insult thee, *Edward*? Do these tears insult thee?
These old man's tears! --- Friendship, my prince, can
weep,

As well as love.---But while I weep thy fortune,
Let me not weep thy virtue sunk beneath it.---
Thou hast no more connection with mankind.
Put off thy craving senses, the deep wants
And infinite dependencies of nature;
Put off that strongest passion of the soul,
Soul of the soul, love to society;
Put off all gratitude for what is past,
All generous hope of what is yet to come;
Put off each sense of honour and of duty:
Then use this language.---Let me tell thee, *Edward*,
Thou hast connections with mankind, and great ones,
Thou know'st not of connections! that might rouse
The smallest spark of Honour in thy breast,
To wide-awaken'd life and fair ambition.

Edw. What dost thou mean?

Gloſt. What mean?---this day, in *England*,
How many ask of *Palestine* their king,
Edward their king?---Read these---

Edw. (*opening the dispatches*) O *Gloster*!---*Gloster*!---
Alas! my royal father is no more!

The gentleſt of mankind, the moſt abus'd!
Of gracious nature, a fit foil for virtues,
'Till there his creatures sow'd their flattering lies,
And made him---No, not all their curſed arts
Could ever make him insolent or cruel.
O my deluded father! Little joy
Had'st thou in life, led from thy real good,
And genuine glory, from thy people's love,
That nobleſt aim of kings, by smiling traitors.

Thus weak of heart, thus desolate of soul,
Ah; how unfit am I, with steady hand,
To rule a troubled state!---She, she is gone;
Softner of care, the dear reward of toil,
The source of virtue! She, who to a crown
Had lent new splendor, who had grac'd a throne
Like the sweet seraph mercy tempering justice.

O *Eleonora*! any life with thee,

The

The plainest could have charm'd: but pomp and pleasure,
 All that a loving people can bestow,
 By thee unshar'd will only serve to fret
 The wounds of woe, and make me more unhappy!

Gloft. Now is the time, now lift thy soul to virtue!
 Behold a crisis, sent by heaven, to save thee.
 Whate'er, my prince, can touch or can command,
 Can quicken or exalt the heart of man,
 Now speaks to thine--Thy children claim their father,
 Nay, more than father, claim their double parent;
 For such thy promise was to *Eleonora*:
 Thy subjects claim their king, thy troops their chief:
 The manes of thy ancestors consign
 Their long descended glory to thy hands;
 And thy dejected country calls upon thee
 To save her, raise her, to restore her honour,
 To spread her sure dominion o'er the deep,
 And bid her yet arise the scourge of *France*.
 Angels themselves might envy thee the joy,
 That waits thy will, of doing general good:
 Of spreading virtue, chearing lonely worth;
 Of dashing down the proud; of guarding arts,
 The sacred rights of industry and freedom;
 Of making a whole generous people happy.
 O *Edward*! *Edward*! the most piercing transports
 Of the best love can never equal these!
 And need I add---Thy *Eleonora's* death
 Calls out for vengeance---

Edw. Ha!

Gloft. If thou, indeed,
 Dost honour thus her memory, then shew it,
 Not by soft tears and womanish complaints,
 But shew it like a man!----

Edw. I will!

Gloft. Yon towers!----

Edw. 'Tis true!

Gloft. Yon guilty towers!----

Edw. Insult us still!

Gloft. The murderer of thy princess riots there!----

Edw. But shall not long!----thou art my better genius,
 Thou brave old man! thou hast recall'd my virtue----

I was

I was benumb'd with sorrow---what---or where---
 I know not---never to have thought of this.
 Bright virtue, welcome! vigour of the mind!
 The flame from heaven that lights up higher being!
 Thrice welcome! with thy noble servant anger,
 And just revenge---Hence, let us to the camp,
 And there transfuse our soul into the troops.
 This sultan's blood will ease my fever'd breast.
 Yes, I will take such vengeance on this city,
 That all mankind shall turn their eyes to *Jassa*;
 And as they see her turrets sunk in dust,
 Shall learn to dread the terrors of the just.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SELIM.

O My *Daraxa*! thou hast charmed my soul!
 This reconciling interview has sooth'd
 My troubled bosom into tender joy:
 As when the spring first on the soften'd top
 Of *Lebanon* unbinds her lovely tresses,
 And shakes her blooming sweets from *Carmel's* brow---
 It only now remains to see the prince.----

SCENE II. SELIM, THEALD.

Thea. I sought thee, worthy dervise.

Sel. Reverend Christian,

My toiling thoughts can find no fix'd repose,
 'Till the wrong'd sultan's vindicated honour
 Shine out as bright as yon unfully'd sky.
 Conduct me to the prince---I claim that justice---
 It stings my conscious soul with sick impatience,
 To think what *Selim* suffers. For a man,
 Who loves the ways of truth and open virtue,
 To lie beneath the burning imputation
 Of baseness and of crimes---such horrid crimes!---
 O 'tis a keen unsufferable torment!
 Come, let me then discharge this other part
 Of my commission.

Thea.

Thea. That thou soon shalt do.

He strait will come this way, the king of *England*,
Such now he is. Mean time, 'tis fit to tell thee,
He must be managed gently; for his passions
Are all abroad, in wild confusion hurl'd:
The winds, the floods, and lightning mix together.
I need not say how little, in this uproar,
Avails the broken thwarted light of reason.

Sel. Fear not.---I trust in innocence, and truth.

Thea. He cannot long delay, for, as I enter'd,
I saw him parting from the hurried camp,
That lighten'd wide around him: burnish'd helms,
And glittering spears, and ardent thronging soldiers,
Demanding all the signal, when to storm
These walls devoted to their vengeance.---

Sel. Ha! Then let us quickly find him---But he comes.

SCENE III.

SELIM, THEALD, EDWARD, GLOSTER.

Edw. Whence is it those barbarians, here again,
Those base, those murdering cowards, dare be seen?
What new accurs'd attempt is now on foot?
What new assassination?---Start not dervise,
Tinge not thy caitiff cheek with red'ning honour.
What thou!--Dost thou pretend to feel reproach?
Art thou not of a shameless race of people,
Harden'd in arts of cruelty and blood,
Perfidious all? Yes, have you not profan'd
The faith of nations? broke the holy tie
That binds the families of earth together,
That gives even foes to meet with generous trust,
And teaches war security? Your prince,
Your prince has done it! And you shall hereafter
Be hunted from your dens like savage beasts,
Be crush'd like serpents!

The. Sir, this dervise comes,
To clear the sultan *Selim* from that crime,
Which you with strong appearance, charge upon him.

Edw. Appearance, *Theald*! with unquestion'd proof.
Doubtless the villain would be glad to change

The

The course by nature fix'd, enjoy his crimes.
Without their evil---But he shall not scape me

Sel. If, king of *England*, in this weighty matter,
On which depends the weal and life of thousands,
You love and seek the truth, let reason judge,
Cool, steady, quiet, and dispassion'd reason.
For never yet, since the proud selfish race
Of men began to jar, did passion give,
Nor ever can it give a right decision.

Edw. Reason has judg'd, and passion shall chastise,
Shall make you howl, ye cowards of the *Eas*!
What can be clearer? This vile prince of *Jaffa*!
This infamy of princes! Sends a ruffian,
By his own hand and seal commission'd, sends him,
To treat of peace: and, as I read his letters,
The villain stabs me---This, if this wants light,
There is no certainty in human reason;
If this not shines with all-convincing truth,
Yon sun is dark---And yet these cowards come:
With lying shifts and low elusive arts---
O it inflames my anger into madness!
This added insult on our understanding,
This treacherous attempt to steal away
The only joy and treasure of my life,
Sweet sacred vengeance for my murder'd prince.

Sel. The cursed wretch who did assail thy life,
O king of *England*, was indeed an envoy
Sent by the prince of *Jaffa*: This we own.
But then he was an execrable bigot,
Who, for such horrid purposes, had crept
Into the cheated sultan's court and service,
As by the traitor's papers we have learn'd.
For know, there lives, upon the craggy cliffs
Of wild *Phenician* mountains, a dire race,
A nation of assassins. Dreadful zeal,
Fierce and intolerant of all religion
That differs from their own, is the black soul
Of that infernal state. Soon as their chief,
The old man (so they stile him) of the mountains,
Gives out his baleful will, however fell,
However wicked and abhorr'd it be,

Tho'

Tho' cloth'd in danger, the most cruel death,
 They, swift and silent, glide thro' every land,
 As fly the gloomy ministers of vengeance,
 Famine and plague; they lie for years conceal'd,
 Make light of oaths, nay, sometimes change religion,
 And never fail to execute his orders.

Of these the villain was, these ruffian saints,
 The curse of earth, the terror of mankind:
 And thy engagement, prince, in this crusado.
 That was the reason whence they sought thy life.

Edw. False, false as hell! the lye of guilty fear!
 You all are bigots, robbers, ruffians all!
 It is the very genius of your nation.
 Vindictive rage, the thirst of blood consumes you:
 You live by rapine, thence your empire rose;
 And your religion is a meer pretence
 To rob and murder in the name of heaven.

Sel. Be patient, prince, be more humane and just,
 You have your virtues, have your vices too;
 And we have ours. The liberal hand of nature
 Has not created us, nor any nation,
 Beneath the blessed canopy of heaven,
 Of such malignant clay, but each may boast
 Their native virtues, and their maker's bounty.
 You call us bigots.—O! canst thou with that
 Reproach us, christian prince? What brought thee hither?
 What else but bigotry? What dost thou here?
 What else but persecute?—The truth is great,
 Greater than thou, and I will give it way;
 Even thou thyself, in all thy rage, wilt hear it—
 From their remotest source, these holy wars
 What have they breath'd but bigotry and rapine?
 Did not the first *Crusaders*, when their zeal
 Should have shone out the purest, did they not,
 Led by the frantick hermit who began
 The murderous trade, thro' their own countries spread
 The woes their vice could not reserve for ours?

Tho' this exceeds the purport of my message;
 Yet must I thus insulted in my country,
 Insulted in religion, bid thee think,
 O king of *England*, on the different conduct

Of *Saracens* and *Christians*, when beneath
 Your pious *Godfrey*, in the first crusado,
Jerusalem was sack'd, and when beneath
 Our generous *Saladin* it was retaken---
 O hideous scene ! my soul within me shrinks,
 Abhorrent, from the view !--Twelve thousand wretches,
 Receiv'd to mercy, void of all defence,
 Trusting to plighted faith, to purchas'd safety,
 Behold these naked wretches, in cold blood,
 Men, women, children, murder'd, basely murder'd !
 The holy temple, which you came to rescue,
 Regorges with the barbarous profanation.
 The streets run dismal torrents. Drown'd in blood
 The very soldier sickens at his carnage.
 Couldst thou, O sun, behold the blasting sight,
 And lift again thy sacred eye on mortals ?
 A ruthless race ! Who can do this, can do it,
 To please the general father of mankind !
 While nobler *Saladin*-----

Edw. Away ! be gone !
 With thee, vile dervise, what have I to do ?
 I lose my hour of vengeance, I debase me,
 To hold this talk with thee.

Sel. While truth and reason
 Speak from my tongue, vile dervise as I am,
 Yet am I greater than the highest monarch,
 Who, from blind fury, grows the slave of passion.
 Besides, I come to justify a prince,
 Howe'er in other qualities below thee,
 In love of goodness, truth, humanity,
 And honour, sir, thy equal ;--yes, thy equal !-----

Edw. What? how? compare me with a damn'd assassin?
 A matchless villain !-- Ha ! presumptuous dervise !
 Thou gnaw'st thy quivering lip--A smother'd passion
 Shakes thro' thy frame.---What villainy is that
 Thou dar'st not utter ?--Wert thou not a wretch,
 Protected by thy habit, this right hand
 Should crush thee into atoms--Hence ! away !
 Go tell thy master that I hold him base,
 Beyond the power of words to speak his baseness !
 A coward ! an assassinating coward !

And when I once have dragg'd him from his city,
Which I will straightway do---I then will make him,
In all the gall and bitterness of guilt,
Grinding the vengeful steel betwixt his teeth,
Will make the traitor own it.

[*Selim, discovering himself.*

Never!

Edw. Ha!

Sel. Thou canst not, haughty monarch!---I am he!
I am this *Selim*! this insulted *Selim*!
Yet clear as day, and will confound thy passion.

Edw. Thou *Selim*!

Sel. I.

Edw.

Was ever guilt so bold?

Sel. Did ever innocence descend to fear?

Edw. This bears some shew of honour. Wilt thou then
Decide it by the sword?

Sel. I will do more---

Edw. How more?

Sel. Decide it by superior reason.

Edw. No weak evasions!---

Sel. If I not convince thee,

If by thyself I am not of this crime

Acquitted, then I grant thee thy demand.

Nay more, yon yielded city shall be thine:

For know, hot prince, I should disdain a throne,

I could not fill with honour. Were I guilty,

I should not tremble at thy threatening voice;

No, 'tis myself I fear.

Edw. What shall I think?

Sel. Hear but one witness, and I ask no more,

To clear my name. The witness is a woman.

Her looks are truth; fair uncorrupted faith

Beams from her eyes. Thou ne'er canst doubt such
beauty;

For 'tis th' expression of a spotless soul.

Edw. Curse on thy mean luxurious eastern arts
Of cowardise! Thou wouldst seduce my vengeance---
But I detest all beauty---Barbarous sultan!

Ah! Thou hast murder'd beauty! thy fell crime---

Haste, *Gloster*, haste---in sight of camp and city,

Prepare

Prepare the lists---Now shew thyself a prince,
Or die in shameful tortures like a slave.

Sel. I came not hither or to dread thy wrath,
Or court thy mercy.

Gloft. Sir, you cannot justly
Refuse him his demand. The fervent soul
Of undissembled innocence, methinks,
Is felt in what he says. First hear this person;
And if she gives not full conviction, then,
Have then recourse to what should always be
The last appeal of reasonable beings,
Brute force.

Edw. Well then, conduct her hither, sultan,---

Selim goes out.

Ah! my disorder'd mind! from thought to thought,
Uncertain, tofs'd, the wreck of stormy passion!
This rage a while supports me; but I feel
It will desert me soon, and I again
Shall soon relapse to misery and weakness.
O *Eleonora*! little didst thou think,
How deeply wretched thy dire gift of life
Would make me!

S C E N E IV.

EDWARD, GLOSTER, THEALD;

To them *SELIM* conducting *ELEONORA*, *DARAXA*.

Sel. Raise thy eyes, O king of *England*,
To the bright witness of my blameless honour.

Edw. No; beauty shall no more engage my eyes,
It shall no more profane the shrine devoted
To the sweet image of my *Eleonora*!
Let her declare her knowledge in this matter.

Eleo. Will not my *Edward* bless me with a look?

Edw. What angel borrows *Eleonora's* voice!--
O thou pale shade of her I weep for ever!
Permit me thus to worship thee---Thou art!---
Amazing heaven!--Thou art my *Eleonora*!
My *Eleonora's* self! my dear, my true,
My living *Eleonora*!--What--to whom
Owe I this miracle? this better life?---

Oppressive

Oppressive joy!—owe I my *Eleonora*?

Eleo. To him, that generous prince, who put his life,
His honour on the desperate risque to save me,
When in the arms of death—Depriv'd of voice,
Of motion, and of sense, benumb'd I lay,
My frighted train around me thought me dead,
And fill'd the tent with cries; my heart alone
Still feebly beat; but soon the poison's force
Had driv'n out life from that its last retreat;
If in the moment of approaching fate,
He, like my guardian angel, had not brought
An antidote of wondrous power, by which
I am to light restor'd—to thee, my *Edward*!

Edw. Did he, did he preserve thee! He, whom thus
I have with such inhuman pride insulted!
O blind, O brutish, O injurious rage!
They, they are wise, who, when they feel thy madness,
Seal up their lips. And canst thou then forgive me,
Thou who hast e'er me gain'd that noblest triumph,
The triumph of humanity!—Thou canst
'Tis easier for the generous to forgive
Than for offence to ask it.

Sel. Use not, prince,
So harsh a word. More than forgive, I love
Thy noble heat, thy beautiful disorder.
O! I am too much man, I feel, myself
Too much the charming force of human passions,
E'er to pretend, with supercilious brow,
With proud affected virtue, to disdain them.

Edw. How? generous sultan, how shall I requite thee?
Here---Take thy lov'd *Daraxa*, whom I meant
To have restor'd, when this misfortune happen'd;
But secret-working Heaven ordain'd her stay,
To save us all.

Sel. Wert thou the lord of earth,
Thou could'st not give me more!--my dear *Daraxa*!

Edw. Hence to the camp, my *Gloster*---Bid the soldiers
Forake the trenches---Let unbounded joy
Reign, fearless, o'er the mingled camp and city---
Go, tell my faithful soldiers, that their queen
My *Eleonora* lives! A prize beyond

The chance of war to give ! She lives to soften
 My too imperious temper, and to make them,
 To make my people happy !---O my soul !
 What love e'er equall'd thine ? O dearest ! best !
 Pride of thy sex ! inimitable goodness !
 Whenever woman henceforth shall be prais'd
 For conjugal affection, men will say,
 There shine the virtues of an *Eleonora* !
 Transporting bliss !---How bountiful is heaven !
 Depressing often, but to raise us more.
 Let never those despair who follow virtue.
 Love--gratitude--divide me--once more, sultan,
 Forgive me, pardon my mistaken zeal,
 That left my country, cross'd the stormy seas,
 To war with thee, brave prince, to war with honour.
 Now that my passions give me leave to think ;
 The hand of heaven appears in what I suffer'd,
 My erring zeal has suffer'd by a zealot.

Sol. It does, O king. And venerable Christian,
 I know thy moderation will excuse me.
 But since by ruling wisdom (who unweigh'd,
 Unmeant, does nought) men are so various made,
 So various turn'd that in opinions, they
 Must blindly think, or take a different way ;
 In spite of force, since judgment will be free ;
 Then let us in this righteous mean agree
 Let holy rage, let persecution cease ;
 Let the head argue, but the heart be peace ;
 Let all mankind in love of what is right,
 In virtue and humanity unite.

End of the fifth Act.

23 FEB 84

MUSEUM

Entered